Lilja 4-ever

By Unknown
THREE MONTHS EARLIER.
SOMEBEWHERE IN WHAT WAS ONCE
THE SOVIET UNION
- Hi.
- Hi, come in.
- Shall we go?
- Sure, I just have to pack my things.
- What things?
- My things. I'm moving!
- Where?
- The States!
- What?! The States?
- It's true! You know mom's boyfriend?
He lives in America.
Mom's moving there and I'm going with.
- What you gonna do there?
- I don't know. We leave on Friday.
- You're kidding!
- It's true!
- It's a dumb joke.
- It's true. What am I gonna do here?
- I can't believe you're moving.
- Believe it, I'm going...
- Can I pay for a pack of Marlboro later?
- No, you can't.
- Wall Street, then?
- I said no.
- We always can with the other cashier.
- Don't lie, girls.
- We're not lying. We can...
- I said no!
- Bitch!
- What?!
- What you doing!
- Doesn't matter, I'm off to America!
How come
you decided to go to America?
Mom met her boyfriend
through one of those dating agencies.
He's Russian,
but he lives in America.
It's incredible!
- Shit... I'd also like to go away.
- You can visit me in America!
What's this about "America, America"?
What's she shouting about?
- She's going there.
- You're just lying. Really?
- Can't I come with?
- No.
Take me with you. I speak English.
Hello, my name is Volodya.
Fool...
Listen... there was something
your mother wanted to say to you.
Go on.
Well...
Sergei and I have discussed it-
- and decided it's best
if we go over first.
We'll go first
and you'll come a little later.
- You're big now.
- What!? I'm going to live here alone?
That's just how it is.
If it doesn't suit you...
then you don't need to come at all!
It's just me and you.
Just the two of us.
- I'll just say goodbye. Be right back.
- Fine.
Honey... I have to go now.
I left some money.
I'll send more when I get there.
Aunt Anna will be here soon.
Can't you at least give me a hug?
I'm leaving.
Fine...
- Good bye...
- Bye.
Wait, mom!
Mom! Don't go!
- My little daughter...
- Don't leave me, please!
Don't leave me, mom!
Don't go, stay with me,
I won't make it!
Don't go, mom!
If we don't leave now...
- I'll call. I'll call you!
- Mom!
I'll call when I get there!
- Who is it?
- Anna.
- So... Has she left?
- Yes.
- Get dressed.
- What?
- Let's go, we're off to your new flat.
- What new flat?
- You're going to live in another flat.
- What?
This flat's too big for you.
I told you to get dressed.
- I'm not going. This is my flat!
- You must obey me.
Let's go.
Here it is.
The old man that lived here died a few weeks ago. These are his things.
- Are you crazy? I'm gonna live here?
- Yes, you will.
As long as your mother isn't here,
I decide.
Everything's here: Fridge, windows, it's warm...
- Why can't I live in my flat?
- No one can pay for it.
I can't and you can't.
- If you don't...
- No way I'm living here!
If you don't want to live here,
live on the street.
- You bitch!
- It's the streets or an orphanage!
- Hi, Lilya.
- Hi.

VOLODYA:
Our Father, who art in heaven.
Hallowed be thy Name.
Thy kingdom come.
Thy will be done.
On earth as it is in Heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread
And forgive us our trespasses. As we
forgive those that trespass against us.
And lead us not into temptation,
but deliver us from evil.
For thine is the kingdom, and the power,
and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.
Very good.
You could do better.
Are you still here?
I thought you'd gone to America.
You did really well in the test.
- A golden future awaits you.
- What?
I was kidding.
Go to hell, bitch! You can be sure
I have a golden future ahead of me.
Hello!
Where are you going?
- Can I come with?
- No, you can't.
- You can have glue if I can come.
- Let's see.
Wow, are those Nikes? Real ones?
My little sun, rise up...
- Look at all the medicine I found.
- Wow...
- Where'd you find it?
- The toilet.
- It's not mine.
- Whose is it?
- Maybe the old man that lived here.
- What's this?
Give it here!
What you doing! Kids shouldn't drink!
Hey, look what I found!
- Let's play war.
- Put one on him.
The old man was a war hero.
- Check out the war hero!
- Salute him!
- Volodya, sit down. Sit down!
- Relax!
What's all this noise?
Could you keep it quiet?
Come in, don't be angry. We've got
cough medicine. You can have some.
- I don't have a cough.
- It's good for everything. Come in.
If you don't calm down, I'll call the
police. And I'm calling your aunt.
That's enough. Hey, that's enough.
- Come on, I'll turn the light out.
- You're too young. Cut it out.
Calm yourself, you're too young.
Find yourself another girl.
- Cut it out.
- Go away.
What's going on here?!
What's going on?!
I like it here. Are you nuts, or what?!
Get out!
Trash!
Go on! Get out of here now!
Out!
Don't touch me!
Go to hell! Just you remember
that I decide around here.
Watch yourself, or it'll get worse!
Get out of the house!
Get out of here! You runt!
You fucking son of a bitch!
Volodya!
Volodya, what are you doing?
- I'm just sitting here.
- Come down.
- I'm just sitting here.
- Come down, please.
- Come down!
- I don't want to.
- Come down.
- No, I won't.
- Come down.
- Alright, alright...
Hey, you want to go for a ride?
- No.
- 100 crowns.
- Piss off!
- 200.
- Go to hell!
- You're not that pretty...
- Fuck off, you asshole!
- I can ask, can't I?
I must get out of here.
Anything, but not this.
- Good night.
- Are you going home?
- I'm tired, I'm going home.
- Can't I stay over at your place?
- No.
- Why not? It's so cold outside.
I can't go home. I've been thrown out.
Dad went crazy. I don't know why.
Please... Lilya.
I can sleep on the floor.
You can sleep on the sofa. But
no funny stuff or I'll throw you out.
You know what I'm thinking?
That we're like a real family.
We're sitting having dinner...
...I come home from work
and you've baked bread.
Lilya...? What do you think would have
happened if I'd been two years older?
Cut it out...
Seriously...
Don't talk like that... it's stupid.
You know what?
I did think of jumping.
- Really?
- Yeah.
- Why?
- 'Cause all of this is bullshit.
I don't want to live anymore.
Yeah, you do!
Course you want to!
You saved my life.
Now I'm gonna save yours.
A packet of Wall Street, please.
I'll just have the potato chips
and cigarettes.
Put the juice back where it belongs.
Come back!
You didn't get any letters today.
I think your mother's forgotten you.
No, I want to sit here...
It just takes a few minutes.
Okay if they're young guys,
but if they're disgusting old men...
On the other hand it's much quicker.
One, two and it's over!
Then you get the money
and can buy a dress or something.
No, never. It's horrible!
Let's go!
- How was it?
  - Okay.
I'm freezing! Tell me how it was.
Forget it. Let's get home, it's so cold!
- Who is it?
  - Natasha.
I came to give you the money back.
I don't need it.
Okay... Bye.
Natasha!
- Hi.
  - Hi.
- Tell me what the hell's going on?
- Let's go over there and I'll explain.
So. What's happening?
Like... my dad found the money...
And I thought it didn't make
any difference to you.
What doesn't make
any difference to me?
You don't have any parents.
I mean, your mom's in the States.
What doesn't make
any difference to me?
Like... I told dad
that it was your money.
- That you did what I did.
- You said that I did it?
Yeah, you know. If my dad
LILYA:
Guys, let's have fun.
It's our little whore!
 Fucking slut! What you doing here?
Get the fuck out of here. You rat!
You selling yourself to kids?
- Forget them. Let's go.
- That's just what I'm doing.
Cunt! What're you doing there?
Come here!
- How's business?
- The little guy, is he a new client?
- Let's go.
- I'm not finished yet.
She's a dumb ass, she doesn't get it...
- Come, let's get out of here.
- I haven't finished writing yet.
Get out of our yard,
we don't wanna see your face!
LILYA4-EVER
Now, I'm done. Let's go...
Stay there!
Where the hell are you going?!
You fucking piece of trash,
go slit your throat, you cunt!
- You won't eat anything warm today.
- What?
- The Electricity Board cut you off.
- What?!
Damn...
Anna!
- No one's there. Your aunt has moved.
- She's moved?
Yes. My God, you've grown.
- I remember when you were this small.
- What? Where's she moved?
Open up, I know you're in there!
How are you? You happy here?
I'm an old and sick woman.
I need a comfortable home.
You understand?
- Have you spoken to mom?
- No.
- Has she written or called?
- She hasn't written or called.
Let me watch TV in peace...
- I don't have any money.
- Neither do I.
They've cut off the electricity
and I've got nothing to eat.
- Get a job.
- How can I, I'm in school?
So, do what your mother did.
Go into town and spread your legs.
Now leave me in peace.
Shut the door!
- You know what?
- What?
I read in a magazine-
- about when different stars are born.
I'm born the same day as Britney Spears.
- Really?
- Yeah... but four years apart.
- But you have the same birthday?
- Yeah...
Imagine if you were mixed up in hospital,
then you'd be Britney Spears.
But we're not born in the same year
and she lives in the States.
But think how cool it would have been...
Yeah, sure...
- You know when my birthday is?
- No.
- Today.
- Really?
- You're not kidding?
- No...
Congratulations!
Thanks.
Did you get any presents?
I promise I'll get you a nice present.
I swear... But not today.
I didn't know it was your birthday
and I've got no money.
- But you'll get a real present from me.
- You don't have to.
Yeah, I'm giving you a present.
- Are you going to school?
- No... and you?
No.
- What you gonna do?
- I have to do laundry.
I've got no clean clothes.
But I don't have any washing powder.
I don't know.
Look...
- Shall we try some?
- Volodya, stop it.
- Let's try them.
- Volodya, you can't... 
Volodya, put it back. Don't touch it.
Put it away.
Volodya! Stop it!
Did you swallow them?
Volodya, did you swallow them?
What is it?
What is it? Volodya!
Don't leave! Volodya... Volodya!
Don't die, please, Volodya!
A kiss?
I must have been in heaven...
- I've turned into an angel.
- Get out, go to hell, you moron!
- Go to hell!
- Sorry...
Idiot! Get out!
- Get out!
- Sorry...

FOR SALE:
- Do you want to buy anything?
- There's nothing to buy here!
Hi...
Are you still angry?
Forgive me, I'll never do it again...
How's it going?
Have you sold anything?
Not a bloody thing. Fucking crap!
You do that again
and I'll really kill you!
- Shall we go to the Pentagon?
- The Pentagon?
- The submarine base.
- I know. What shall we do there?
I've got some glue there.
- I live there.
- You live there?
Well, when they throw me
out of the house.
My dad worked here.
He was in the army.
My mom also worked here.
- My mom worked in this kitchen.
- Your mother cooked food?
And your dad?
He was in the army
and came here for a little while...
He probably just wanted
to sleep with my mom.
Then she got pregnant
and he moved to Moscow.
She wrote to him, but he didn't answer.
I've never seen him.
Come on, I'm freezing.
"Speech given by the General
Secretary, Comrade Brezhnev..."
"Comrade members of the Central
Committee, comrade delegates..."
"Comrades. 50 years ago an event of
great historical importance took place."
"Prolonged and thundering applause.
Everyone stands up."
I live here. Look, this is my room.
See, I've got glue.
Take it.
I'm freezing...
We can build a hut.
What hut?
To get warm.
It's warmer, isn't it?
It's like lying in a coffin.
Let's pretend we're dead.
No, thanks...
What do you think happens
when someone dies?
Does he go to paradise,
to God and Jesus and all of that?
I don't know...
I believe that.
I think you become an angel in heaven.
You can play basketball all day long
and score as many points as you like.
And be a million times better
than Michael Jordan.
That's bullshit...
That's not the only thing
you can do there.
You can do what you like in paradise.
Dance, play computer games,
go to parties...
That's stupid. I'm not going to die,
I'm going to America.
I'd play basketball.
- Cut it out.
- What are you doing?
- I feel sick...
- Where you going?
Stop it...
I don't want to be here anymore.
I'm tired of this...

SUMMONS TO SOCIAL WELFARE
So you've had no contact with your
mother since she moved to America?
- No.
- And she hasn't called?
I don't have a telephone.
- She hasn't written?
- No.
We've received a letter from her.
Do you know anything about this?
No. Why?
In the letter she writes...
Of course it's not legally binding.
You can't formally do this...
But she writes
that she renounces her parenthood.
This means that she no longer wishes
to be your guardian.
Guardian? What are you talking about?
Look, I really feel sorry for you,
but here she writes...
I can read it to you.
"Lilya has always been
an unwanted child"-
"and therefore
I no longer wish to be her guardian."
"I hereby hand her over
to the care of the Social Services."
It's awful, I understand...
It's awful.
And cigarettes, please.
That'll be 160,40.
Thanks.
- Close your eyes.
- What?
Close your eyes.
- What for?
- Please, close your eyes.
- What you going to do?
- Nothing special, just do it.
What you going to do?
Are you going to hit me?
- Don't be silly. Just close your eyes.
- You promise?
Lilya, where you going?
Keep them closed... Now you can look.
- There you are. For your birthday.
- Is it really for me?
- Take it!
- Really? You're kidding...
- You're jerking me around...
- No.
- It's mine? You're sure? Mine? Yeah?
Yeah...
- Thanks...
- I promised you.
I never got anything as nice.
- Where'd you get the money?
- I found it on the street.
- No... really?
- Doesn't matter. Mom sent money.
It's mine! Mine!
Try to take it if you can.
Hello.
- How you doing?
- Go to hell!
What happened?
You're freezing, it's cold...
- Where do you live? You want a lift?
- Go away!
Don't be afraid, I won't touch you.
I'll just take you home.
You can't walk around here at night,
it's a dangerous area.
Don't be afraid, I won't touch you.
I'm just a normal guy.
By the way, my name's Andrei.
I'm Lilya.
Pleased to meet you.
- Help yourself.
- Thanks.
What were you doing so late
in such a dangerous neighbourhood?
- Doesn't matter...
- Okay, doesn't matter.
- How old are you?
- 16.
Then you're a big girl,
but it's still dangerous.
I'd advise you not to walk there.
Well...
you going to get into my bed now?
What are you on about?
I'm not going to sleep with you.
Why'd you give me a lift?
- I just did.
- You think I'm stupid?
No, I don't. I just wanted to be nice.
I saw you and just wanted to help.
So you think I'm ugly?
I don't think you're ugly...
You're really pretty.
But I'm not going to sleep with you.
That wasn't why I...
Okay. Sorry... Thanks for the lift.
Take care...
Wait!
Wait...
I thought maybe...
maybe we could meet sometime?
Just meet...
We could go somewhere... see a movie...
I don't know. But no funny stuff.
No funny stuff?
Exactly...
Just don't get any ideas.
Okay.
Great. Cool...
Hi.
What are you doing here?
Hell, you scared me!
- Sorry.
- What are you doing here?
Sorry, I scared you.
Could I... sleep over at your place?
Okay.
Sorry, I didn't mean to scare you.
He just wants to sleep with you.
No he doesn't.
Course he wants to.
No he doesn't. He's nice.
Don't believe it.
- You're just jealous.
- Not at all.
- Course you are.
- Not at all.
- But of course you are.
- No, I'm not.
He just wants to sleep with you.
He just wants to sleep with you.
Mom!
No!
Shit!
Shit!
- You want some more?
- Yes.
- Pie or ice-cream?
- Ice-cream.
Ice-cream? I'll get it.
- There you go.
- Thanks.
Total fucking shit!
Now I can understand
why my mother left.
There's nothing to do here.
- Let's go to Sweden.
- What?
We take our things and go... now!
Don't you believe me?
- You're kidding.
- Of course I am. Not now. In a week.
I live in Sweden, I work there.
I'm only here on holiday.
I leave in a week.
You can come with me.
I can get a job and a flat
for you there.
It'd be cool... Haven't you ever
thought of leaving here?
This country is shit.
There's nothing to do here.
Sweden is a paradise compared
to here. You can really relax there.
And the people...
Even the people are different.
They're kind, not like here.
Besides, you can earn
really good money.
You know, in one month you can earn
what a doctor makes here in a year.
- That can't be true!
- Yes it is, really!
Look at it here... People are crazy!
You know what my cousin did?
He sold one of his kidneys
because he didn't have money.
Would you sell a kidney?
You don't deserve a life like that.
- What happened to the ball?
- Dad broke it.
- Broke it?
- Just punctured it.
- Why?
- With scissors.
- Why?
- I don't know. He went crazy.
I'll fix it...
Open up! It's the police!
Is it really the police?
Open or we'll break the door down!
- Hi there! How are things?
- What do you want?
- Come here!
- What do you want?
- Get out!
- Stop it!
I don't give a shit about them.
They're assholes.
I'm getting out of here soon anyway.
You want some glue?
- You know what?
- No.
I'm going to get you a job in Sweden.
Really, I swear.
I don't want to leave you here alone.
I'll talk to Andrei.
I'm so glad you're coming to Sweden.
We'll get a really big flat...
with an enormous bathroom...
Everything you want.
There's something
I want to ask you.
I have a friend
and I wanted to ask you whether...
Later, later...
We'll talk about it later.
Later, later...
- You're stupid.
- I'm stupid?
- You're stupid.
- I'm stupid?
- Yes, you are!
- You can leave if I'm stupid.
- And why am I stupid?
- 'Cause that guy's tricking you.
- Tricking me?
- Yes, he really is...
- No way!
- Course he is.

In what way?
He talks about jobs in Sweden,
but he just wants to sleep with you.
- In reality, there'll be no job.
- Course there will be!
I promise I'll get you a job
in Sweden. I'll talk to Andrei.
Haven't you talked to him yet?
- I forgot.
- You said you'd talk to him.
Sorry, I forgot!
I'll talk to him, I promise.
- Were you doing something else?
- Stop it, I'll talk to him.
- What job is it?
- Something with vegetables.
- Vegetables?
- Picking them or something...
Picking? In winter?
Vegetables don't growin winter.
So?
Maybe it's warmer in Sweden.
- You know where Sweden is?
- Roughly.
- Where?
- I don't know exactly...
...but somewhere in the EU...
or whatever it's called.
And you, what do you know?! 
- You're just jealous.
- You're jealous. Yes, you are.
- No, I'm not!
- Course you are.
- No...
- Yes.
- No.
Course I'm not.
- Is it for me?
- Yes, who else?
- What is it?
- Open it, you'll see.
A passport?
- Look at the last page.
- What's there?
Now your name is Katya.
- Why?
- There could be problems at the border.
You're not 18 yet.
It's so they won't ask
unnecessary questions.
By the way, I rang my boss.
He said you could start on Monday.
- Monday? This Monday?
- Yes, this Monday.
We go on Sunday.
I have... to ask you something.
Could you get a job for another person?
I don't now.
It's for my friend,
a friend that means a lot to me.
I don't want him to be here alone.
I'll ask... I'll look into it...
It's not entirely out of the question.
You're too good!
- Hello?
- Hello, Natasha? This is Lilya.
I'm moving
with my boyfriend to Sweden.
You'll be left in this shithole.
That's how it goes, sweetie.
We're going into a tunnel,
we might be cut off...
I'm calling
from my boyfriend's mobile.
Volodya! Volodya, please!
Bye, potato-hag!
- Hi.
- Hi.
Jump in.
Volodya! Volodya...
- Where are you going?
- I must say goodbye.
We're in a hurry.
Listen, there's something...
a little problem.
My grandmother's ill, and I have
to visit her before I go to Sweden.
- Aren't we going to Sweden, then?
- You go alone and I'll join you later.
I'm sorry, but it's my grandmother.
It might be the last time I see her.
- So, I'll fly alone?
- Yeah.
I talked to my boss, he'll meet you,
take you home and show you around.
- It's time to go.
- Yes.
- We'll see each other soon?
- I told you I'll be there in two days.
- Really?
- Really.
- It's time to go...
- Bye.
Get up. Get up, I said!
Look at him just lying here.
Jekatarina Menyova. Katya...
Good morning.
- Hi!
- Hello.
Come in.
One hour.
Perhaps you want
to take off your jacket?
I'll help you.
Thanks.
...but deliver us from evil.
For thine is the Kingdom, and the power,
and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.
I want to have a doll...
...pencils to draw with,
and a pink school bag.
Hello.
Hey.
Sorry...
- Sorry I just left you like that.
- It doesn't matter.
- I miss you.
- I miss you too.
You're my only friend.
- The ball? Is it fixed?
- Yeah.
- How are you?
- Good.
I play basketball all day long.
- You want to play a bit?
- No.
- By the way, merry Christmas!
- Is it Christmas?
- Yes.
- I didn't know.
- I've got a Christmas present for you.
- Really?
- Yeah...
- What?
- Come.
- What? Where?
Look.
What's this?
It's your Christmas present.
- What is?
- All this. The whole world.
The houses, cars, streets, the wind...
it's all yours.
You can do what you like.
Sorry, but I'm not sure
it's a good present.
It's windy...
...there's a mist. It's so cold.
And this world isn't that good.
Now I'm jumping... and flying...
No, you can't...
Why not? It's up to me.
I've had it with this life.
It's complete shit.
- No, it's not.
Course it is. It's shit.
- No, it's not.
- Course it is.

But it's the only one you've got.
This life is the only one you've got.
I don't want this life.
I'm not interested.

Look at me.
I killed myself and went to heaven
and yeah, it's really good in heaven.
But I regret it, 'cause I wanted to live
on earth a little longer.

You remain dead for all eternity, but
you're alive only for a brief moment.
- I wasn't ready yet.
- Not ready?

Remember that time
when we sat on the bench -
- and you wrote "Lilya 4-ever"?

And those assholes
that spat at us?
I said that we should leave-
- but you said that you weren't ready.

You wanted to finish writing first.

Do you remember?
That's how it is now.

Everyone's spitting at you,
but you're not ready.

Jump if you want. It's not dangerous.
I'll catch you.
But then you lose. And the assholes
that spit at you win. You see?

Hello, sweetheart.
Are you back from school already?
Have you got homework?
How was school today?

I hate you.
You think I'm your property?
I'm not your property.
You think you can buy me?

You can't.
You can't buy my heart and soul.

Stop! Stop god dammit!

Mom...
Mom...
Hello...
Poor little thing...
I've got a surprise for you.
I don't want anymore surprises.
- The door's open.
- What?
He forgot to lock it when he left.
The door's open.
Come on. Get up.
- I can't...
- Come on.
- I just want to sleep.
- The door's open.
You see? He forgot to lock the door.
Go!
Where shall I go?
Lilya, wait! Don't jump!
Don't jump! Don't do it! No!
No, please Lilya! No! I beg you!
Lilya! No!
Girl, about 16 years old.
Fall from a height.
One, two, three...
General circulatory arrest.
No further details. Within five minutes.
Can I touch you? Are you real?!
You're real!
I'm not going. You don't pick vegetables
in the winter, I'm no fool.
Bye!
You dropped your potatoes.
Let me help you.
This film is dedicated to the millions
of children around the world
exploited by the sex trade.